

Tornado Alley

Graham Parker

You used to swing your big ole breasts around town
For every man to get a good look
You used to hang your lingerie upside down
Out in the sun to cook
But when that twister rolled through Kentucky
And ripped up our trailer park
I saw your big butt flyin' through the window
And the hound dogs started to bark
And you ain't givin' me grief no more
Tornado alley has evened up the score

You used to wear a bullseye on your satin slip
For every man to throw his dart
The whisky bottle lived under the kitchen sink
With your perfume from K-Mart
Then you quit your job at the Chinese laundry
And it pissed off real good
You started hangin' out at the methadone clinic
A shame on the neighborhood
And you ain't givin' me grief any more, baby
Tornado alley has evened up the score

Your big blonde wig and your floppy hat
Disappeared as the wind came through
I hung on to your Siamese cat
But that's the last I saw of you, yeah

You used to bash your Bible on the street corner
Like an evangelical fool
But I know your little friend in the dog collar
Had his hands all over you
They say that Jesus suffered for our sins
Hell, he didn't suffer for mine
Take that Bible up into the whirlwind
I hope you all have a good time
And you ain't givin' me grief no more, baby
Tornado alley has evened up the score